

JANUARY 1915

The Lincolnian

EDITED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS



LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

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THE LINCOLNIAN

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL, KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE LINCOLNIAN

January, 1915.

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Senior Class.

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NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS.

The following bit of conversation took place on New Year's day, between a rather religiously inclined father and his trifling son.

Said the father, "My son, what resolutions have you made for the new year? The son replied, without any hesitation, "I have resolved to quit work, sir." To this the father responded, "Remember, my son, you have to work, whether you handle a pick or a pen, dig a ditch, or direct some business. If you look around you will see men who are able to live the rest of their days without work, but they are men who have worked hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, for it is beyond your power. Men die sometimes but it is because they quit work at six o'clock and don't get home until two in the morning. It is the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumber; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday."

These words struck me as being marvelously true. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even, it simply speaks of them as So-and-So's boys. Nobody likes them—the great busy world does not know that they are here.

Our first resolution for 1915 then should be "work," hard work and more of it. Work that is taken up promptly and executed with accuracy and neatness. This applies to our afternoon chores as well as to our work in the class room. Every task well and neatly done, it matters not how menial, puts us in line for something better and higher. Lincoln's 1915 watchword, then, is work.

We will also resolve never to keep company with any young man who hangs around saloons or pool halls, and to drop from our calling lists girls who associate with pool hall loafers. In addition to adopting these resolutions, we feel like asking our girls to use less powder, paint and extravagance in wearing apparel. Powder and paint only defeat the purpose for which they are used, because they destroy beauty instead of lending to it. They thus doubly cheat the user, by robbing her purse and her person. Likewise, extravagant dress often detracts from personal charms, and gives no indication of true manhood or womanhood. People should be attracted by our personality and not by our clothes. So let us give nature a chance and thereby add a few dollars to our bank account.

Let us find out what we want to

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be and do, take off our coats and make a dust in the world.

The busier we are, the less harm we will be apt to get into, the sweeter our sleep, the brighter and happier our holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with us.

Let us cultivate politeness and kindness, for as it has been said, they are invincible warriors when they fight together.

—H. William Reese.

AN APOLOGY.

It is a matter of keen regret to the management of the Lincolnian that the members of the Junior Class took offense at the omission of their news notes from our last issue.

We take this opportunity of assuring them that it was an oversight due to changes in our editorial staff and we want to give further assurance that it will not occur again.

MENUES.

BREAKFAST

Oat Meal

Breakfast Bacon

Corn Meal Muffins

Cocoa

Eggs

LUNCHEON

Cold Sliced Pork Creamed Potatoes

Bread and Butter Sandwiches

Tea

DINNER

Clear Soup

Roast Beef

Mashed Potatoes

Corn Pudding

Hot Biscuit

Rice Pudding

Coffee

"THE BOY WHO WINS."

The boy who wins is an average boy

Not made on any peculiar plan;

Not with any special luck,

Just steady, earnest and full of pluck.

When he is asked a question he does not guess;

He always answers "No, or yes;"

When given a task the rest can't do,

He keeps at it till he puts it thru.

He has learned three things—that he who tries

Finds favor in his teacher's eyes;

That it pays to know more than one thing well;

That it does not pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits, till one fine day

There's a better job with a larger pay,

And the boys who loafed whenever they could,

Are bossed by the boys who have made good.

For the boy who wins is the boy who works,

Who never from labor or trouble shirks;

Who uses his hands, head and his eyes—

The boy who wins is the boy who tries.

—Oscar Maddox.

We want to urge our readers to patronize and boost the business enterprises of those who advertise with us. Our nickles and dimes will help out very materially.

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A BRAVE GIRL.

It was a fearful night. The town was shrouded in a pall of dark storm clouds, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and torrents of rain drenched all pedestrians.

As Mae, a girl of sixteen frightened half out of her wits by the storm, stood looking out of her window into the darkness of night, she saw by the vivid flashes of lightning that a railroad bridge near her home had been swept away by the storm.

Just then there appeared the headlight of a locomotive that swiftly approached the spot where the bridge had just gone down and plunged into the abyss below. Hurriedly seizing and lighting her lantern, all alone, amidst the thunder, lightning and storm, she crept up a rocky steep, and with her clothes torn to rags and flesh lacerated, she reached the rails. On her hands and knees she crept to the last tie of the fallen bridge and swung her lantern back and forth over the abyss, until she heard the faint voice of the engineer, who had gone down in the fatal engine a few minutes before. Although wounded and in the greatest peril himself, he cried to her to go quickly and give the alarm, to save an express train which was then coming toward that perilous spot.

Assuring him that she would soon return with aid, Mae started in a rush for the nearest station, which was a mile away. To reach that station, it was necessary to cross a high trestle, five hundred feet in length. She had gone but a few steps when a fearful gust of wind put out her lantern. Poor child! She stood dismayed, for she knew it was of no use to attempt to relight it in such a storm. After a moment's reflection she threw it away, feeling that a dark lantern was more

of a hindrance than help. So she dropped upon her hands and knees and crept along from tie to tie over the trestle. Her way was lighted only by frequent flashes of lightning. After crossing the bridge, she hastened along the rails to the station, and with what strength she had left told her story, and then fell in a dead faint at the station agent's feet.

Help went quickly to the poor engineer's rescue, and telegrams flew up and down the line, notifying all that the bridge was gone. While she lay yet unconscious, the express came thundering into the station.

When the passengers learned what perils the brave girl had passed through to save them, and saw her still lying in an unconscious state, they took her up tenderly, bathed her torn and bleeding limbs, and soon brought her back to consciousness.

Oh, how the scene beggars description, as men and women gathered about a brave girl of sixteen, looking upon her pale face, her torn and bleeding form. As they think how she went through all this to save their lives, words are too weak to express the deep gratitude of their hearts. They laid a substantial expression of appreciation at her feet. Then, as the best they could do, they embalmed her memory in their warmest affections, while the world placed a wreath of lasting honor on her brow.

She won a gold medal from the legislature, "and a wealth of admiration from all who knew of her act of heroism." Above all, Mae, living or dying, with her approving conscience, can say,

"I did what I could."

May we all learn a lesson of sacrifice and efforts to save others from dangers, that they themselves do not see, and then it will be said of us, "They have done what they could."

C. PANSY REDD

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LOCALS.

The classes of Lincoln High were well represented in the Christmas festivities. Each class entertained, two at Armory and two at Garrison Square.

Friday, the 22d, was a day of mourning. All the Senior girls wore mourning, for on this day many hopes were dashed to the ground. The boys of the class acted as Red Cross attendants to the wounded. To make a long story short, the second term cards were given out.

The Junior girls have been preparing some very appetizing dishes during the last term.

Everybody is looking forward to the musical and oratorical contest on Friday evening, the 29th. Miss Brown is our representative in oratory, and the Girl's Glee Club in music. We expect to win both cups.

REPORTS FROM JUNIORS.

The Junior Club has been organized and is doing nicely with a membership of thirty-six persons.

Officers—Miss Marie Ward, president; Miss Lena O'Neal, vice-president; Miss Naomi Thomas, secretary; Mr. G. S. Ellison, treasurer; Misses Canterbury and Tremble, and Mr. Rollins, program committee; Mr. G. S. Ellison, chaperon.

On October 19th the members of the Club spent a very pleasant social hour in the Assembly Hall of the High School. The Club meets every Monday afternoon from 2:15 to 3:00. The Junior class also has a Dramatic Club with twenty-four members. This club expects to give some excellent plays later on.

In the Cicero class R. A. said to Mr. D., "Ain't Possido a part of Posideo?" Mr. D replied, "It ain't."

—S. Gates.



A MUSICAL TREAT.

Under the instructions of Prof. F. J. Work, and with the accompaniment of Mr. Edward Dennis as soloist, the music classes gave an excellent musical program in our Auditorium Friday, January 22d. The program was enjoyed by everyone present and it was pronounced quite a success.

A large portion of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah" was sung and this comprised the bulk of the program. The oratorio is indeed a very beautiful one—so full of expression and so very dramatic. Everyone seemed to enter into the spirit of the music and sang with a great deal of feeling. Several of our girls were given recitatives and sang them with much ease and expression. The Girls' Glee Club also sang very well.

We hope that we shall be permitted to hear more of this high-class music before the end of our school term, as I am sure that we all enjoyed it to the utmost.

- (a) There was a big explosion in town today.
- (b) What was it?
- (a) The wind blew up Broadway.

Why are good husbands like dough?
Because women need them.

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THE FIRST LAP.

The first half of the school term is at an end. We all know just what progress we have made during the past twenty weeks. The final quizzes for the term began on Tuesday and ran through Thursday.

There was much cramming done by all the students in every subject and especially in Chemistry. We were given a test on everything we had been over in the past twenty weeks. I know that some of us must have stayed up all night studying.

Much should have been accomplished by us. But the fact that many of us have fallen short is attested by the smiles and frowns—and occasionally tears—that were noticed on the different faces when the cards were distributed.

This must mean that too much of our time is taken up in play and good times. Few, if any of us, ever sit down and study three hours on a stretch, but dance for that length of time and think nothing of it.

Concentration on one's books is the best rule for pupils expecting to gain anything worth having in the future.

During the first term, all pupils that have ever failed in any subject, should have made every possible effort to make up their back work, and by now have had a clean record.

These are crucial days for the Seniors; perhaps more so than for any other class. If we fail now, we are in danger of forfeiting our diplomas at Commencement time.

We hope there will be no more cutting of classes and inattentive students in the ensuing term. We must all push ahead and give more time to our books, in order that we may obtain positions as faithful and responsible workers in later years.

SAY

Do you think that a metaphysician,
With a long psychological plan,
Could induce microscopical effort,
In an anthropological man?
Could a flat phrenological failure,
With a physiological chill,
Love a sociological expert
With a meteorological thrill?
Could an archaeological sprinter
Of a dark theological hue
Give a nice philosophical treatise
On the eyes of my Nellie so blue?
—Selected.

The war is still raging
Both on land and on sea;
And many are dead and dying,
To gratify their country's greed.

But every day the guns are booming;
And the roaring notes fill the air.
The forms of death and poverty are
looming,
All over Europe's country fair.

But eventually the differences of nations
Will be settled by arbitration,
And instead of the demon war to fear,
There will be peace here, there, and
everywhere.

—Garfield Green

UP TO THE MINIT.

An Alabama negro, who had spent several years as a servant in a New York family, returning to his home, attempted to instruct his household in correct usage. One day at the table his brother said to him: "Gimme some 'lasses, Sam." "You musn't say 'lasses,'" corrected Sam. "You must say 'molasses.'"

"What is you talking about?" grunted his brother. "How's I gwine to say mo 'lasses when I ain't had none yet?"

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THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

I'm a proken-hearted Deutscher,
Vot's villed mit crief und shame;
(dells you vot der drouple ish,
I doosn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh?
Ven you der shtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch
It vas so schtrange und queer.

Mine muder had two leetle twins,
Dey vas me und mine broder;
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys vas "Yawcob,"
Und "Hans" de oder's name;
But dan it made no tifferent,
Ve both got called der same.

Vell! von off us got tead—
Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I am in drouples,
I gan't kit droo mine hed
Vedder I'm Hans vat's lifing,
Or Yawcob vot is tead!

—Selected.

Prof.—"Turn around, Miss Green."

Miss G.—"Well, that girl has my ring."

Prof.—"Did you give it to her or did she hold you up and take it?"

Miss G.—"Why, she took it."

Prof.—"Well, report the affair to a policeman."

A HINT TO THE SENIORS.

In Economics we are going slow,
But graduation is getting near;
Chemistry is going to give us a blow
That we haven't had in these
three years.

They tell me Geology is bad,
I think Psychology is worse,
But we'd better get all our lessons
And thus use "Safety First."
—O. M.

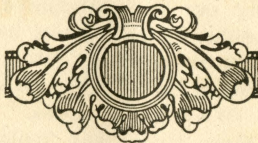
RITE UP TO THE MINIT.

"My girl's father is an undertaker,
he has invented an automobile hearse.
Folks are just dying to ride in it."

I'm getting to be some real artist
now. I drew a hen so natural the
other day that when I threw her into
the waste basket she laid there.

If you suddenly saw a house on
fire what three authors would you
name? Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

Why do hens never lay eggs at
night? Because, then they are all
roosters.



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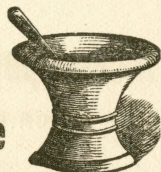
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